



HEARTS AND FLOWERS



DEATRICE LEE



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HEARTS AND FLOWERS



BEATRICE LEE.

HEARTS AND FLOWERS

AND OTHER POEMS

BY

BEATRICE LEE

FIRST EDITION

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HEARTS AND FLOWERS.

Hearts are the body's rubies,
More rich than any gem;
The soul is the diamond precious,
To sit in court with them.
In a godly given palace
In countries everywhere
The hearts are the rubies always,
And flowers are the love-lights there.

Hearts are the treasure islands
Where the precious life streams flow—
The rivers of joy and patience,
Candor and peace and woe.
Across green fields of pleasure
Love mountains rise to sight—
Up from the verdant pastures
And flowers are the mile-stones white.

The heart is the gem of nature,
The brilliancy of all its powers,
Controlling its vast dominions
In this ancient world of ours.
Nature claims the right to rule
In the hearts of beasts and men,
And the hearts of all its landscapes
Are the flowers it gave to them.

The heart is the tear-drop fountain,
Heaving and swelling so;
Bubbling o'er with costly drops
That joy and sorrow know.
Close by is the tree of Knowledge;
In the emerald grasses there
The flowers are the sunkissed blessings
That every heart can share.

The heart of the highest mountain
Contains the richest ore;
Unrivalled tints of the pearl are found
In the heart of the shells on the shore;

And in the densest forests,
For miles and miles around,
Where seldom the voice of man is heard,
The sweetest of flowers are found.

A DREAMIN' AND FORGETIN'.

A dreamin' and forgetin'
About things we ust to do.
Athinkin' of all the pleasant ones,
Forgetin' the mean ones, too;
Dreamin about the old home,
As I sit in my easy chair,
Forgetin' there's anyone about—
Just dreamin' that I was there.

A dreamin' and forgetin'
'Tis the greatest pleasure now,
Since my hair has turned to grey
And age has marked my brow.
Dreamin' of fishin' and huntin'
In the woods and along the crick;
Forgetin' jest how many fish we caught
In the days of which I speak.

A dreamin' and forgetin'

Makes my old heart seem more light;
Thinkin' of good old memories,
Makes my old eyes shine more bright.
Dreamin' of the many things I love;
That I value far more than gold.
Just to fancy again I'm a boy at home,
Forgetin' that I am old.

A dreamin' and forgetin'

About years that have long gone by;
Thinkin' of bugle and battle
On the field where the soldiers die;
Awakened by the prattle of children,
I light my pipe again,
Then drift in a moment back to youth,
Forgetin' I am now an old man.

A dreamin' and forgetin'

'Tis my only pleasure now
Since I can romp no more with the boys,
Or hunt on the mountain brow;

A dreamin' of streams and sunny fields,
Of skatin' parties and huskin' bees;
A thinkin' only of the happy days;
Forgetin' the gloomy seas.

A dreamin' and forgetin'
I don't feel I'm in the way;
'Tis a comfort to have me with 'em,
So I hear the children say.
I'll never forget how proud I was
When to bless our home they came;
I dream of seein' 'em, like the grandchildren round
my knees,
I hear them pratlin' jest the same.

A dreamin' and forgetin'
Still in his easy chair;
A dreamin' of the bouyancy of youth,
While above him in the air
Circling white clouds from his old clay pipe,
As he whifs and whifs away,
A dreamin' and tellin' his tales with glee;
Forgetin' that he is grey.

A dreamin' and forgetin'

Oh may we ever do

Anything that will please them

And lighten their pathway through

The dense part of the forest,

In the age tree's lonely shade.

God bless them, and may we help them;

May their lives be with kindness made.



THE LILAC BUSHES.

What sweeter fragrance than the lilac bushes,
As they gracefully rise from out their bed of green.
The richest purple and the daintiest lavender
Kissing the soft spring air unseen.

Oh sweet the air, made fragrant by their kisses,
That wends its way through clinging vines and
lattice work.

On grand piazzas, where at eve the lovers sit,
There amid the shades of twilight the perfumed
breezes lurk.

I remember well how I have always watched them,
In obeying nature, put out their tender leaves of
green.

And ere long, from when we the first one noticed,
A thousand emerald fancies could be seen.

When the glowing sunshine on them descended,
And the warm spring rain fell lovingly adown,
The lilac bushes with richest green were covered,
And soon we knew that buds were peeping 'round.

When beves of birds were in the bay trees singing,
The world declared that nature alone was right;
When all the fields and glens with notes were ringing,
The lilac blossoms bursted into sight.

An old-time yard, made rich by a thousand posies,
Was then awakened to their perfume sweet;
And among them all there was not one more fragrant
Than the lilac bushes by the garden seat.

What scene is more exquisite than the garden,
Where nature's beauties thrive rainbow petaled
and beryl-like stem,
Which more than a thousand years ago were sent to
cheer us
And through grand basilicas a thousand breezes
send.

THE CHURCH BELLS.

There comes a time so peaceful
In every little while,
To lay away the petty cares,
And find a time to smile,
When the violets not the sweeter
Down along the grassy dell,
And the robin chirps so gayly
Notes that that in his throat doth swell.
The dewdrops become diamonds
In the glorious bright sunshine,
On the welcome Sunday morning
When the church bells chime.

The little puritan family,
With Bible on their arm,
Walk slowly to the church house
On the other side of the farm.
And youth and age together
Tred slowly down the lane

That leads to the little village—
For 'tis everywhere the same.
To church the girl and lover stroll
From the old home 'neath the pine,
On a Sunday morning,
When the church bells chime.

And of all the sacred music
That was ever set in line
This surely is the sweetest,
The church bell's silver chime
That ring in joyful gladness
To welcome all around,
Or toll in mournful sadness,
The funeral dirge to sound.
They send their tidings through the hills,
And likewise o'er the plain,
So those both far and near may hear
The gold and silver strain.

On mornings that are gloomy,
Damp, or wet and chill;

Or on mornings that are brightest,
The church bells welcome still.
And if we would heed their tidings,
We would occupy a pew,
And listen to the teachings
Of the Bible, good and true.
And in the years that come and go,
One memory shall be mine—
That of a Sunday morning
When the church bells chime.

A SOUTHERN MOONLIGHT.

There's a cot that stands behind those pines
Where we wandered long and late;
 Where the branches sway to the evening breeze,
 And dream of forgotten tragedies;
Under the oak and mistletoe,
Down in a Southern state.

The grey rocks glisten from the side of the hill,
Where the eagle rests at night,
 And the moonlight gleams far o'er the bay,
 There where a neat little steamer lay,
In the evening, cool and still,
Along the sands so bright.

On bally deck the dancers gay
Keep step to the joyous sound.
 And the music is rifted away to Mars,
 And falls again to this world of ours,
Where the cotton-balls shine in the moonlight grey,
Over the dewey ground.

Just down the river, around the bend,
The splashing of oars we hear,
 As the moonlight reveals a little canoe
 We know it is bound for the landing, too,
For we hear the voices we love so dear,
Close to the "dike rocks" around the bend.

They're close to the shore, where the willows wave,
And the landing is not far away.

 And as they tell of love's fond dream
 The moonlight pictures them in the stream,
And they hear the sweet sound of the ferry bell
Ring gently o'er the bay.

Just in from the landing and up the hill,
Where the sweet spring waters flow,
 We sit on the ground where the elm tree dips,
 And place the old rusty tin to our lips;
And we start, as the birds go rustling by,
In the moonlight on the hill.

We walk down the lane where the rabbits run,
And the quail sits close to the fence,
 And we hear the old hinge of the squeaking gate,
 As we go through, for it's getting late.
There the old home proudly before us stands,
In the moonlight so immense.

But I dreamed someday I'd be far away;
O'er unknown fields to roam;
 And the young folks, they would all be gone;
 There would be no more fishing by the moonlit
 pond:
But I know in fancy my eyes shall see
Old Charleston back at home.

A MINISTRY OF JOY.

Perhaps 'tis a song, a word, or a flower,
Given with a heart full of love,
That my gladden many a weary hour
As if it was sent from above.

Perhaps you've a friend with a broken heart
That to hear you sing or speak
Would banish many a sigh that's spent,
Or dry a tear on the cheek.

A kindly deed to the chamber of pain,
Where much it is needed now,
Or a message of love from a good, kind heart
Might ease a fevered brow.

Or a little flower, though carelessly given,
May link some heart to the past
And mark some joy, that since has fled,
With the untold scenes of the past.

There are souls that are dying for want of care,
And hearts for the want of love,
They alone bear a burden some friend might share,
And help to lift them above.

It is not the greatest deeds in the world
That remove the deepest sorrow,
But the kindly deed of a loving heart
Will lighten a load for tomorrow.

TWO WAYS.

There's a way that is right
And a way that is wrong,
And if each one did his best,
The wrong to keep down
And the right to uphold
'Twould at least give decency a test.

The way that is right
Is so clear and so bright;
So dark is the way of wrong
That it requires evil light
To keep in the sight
Of the way so gloomy and long.

The way that is good
Is happy. And would
You exchange it for wrong? The first
Would be trading off bread
For dry chips instead,
And drink for naught but thirst.

The way that is pure
Leads past fountains. Secure
Is the green grassy turf where they stand.
The way that is wrong
Leads past muddy streams long,
Along shores of some desert land.

The way that is right
Is strewn with light
From His mansions of which we know.
But the way of wrong
Is void of song
And the dingy street lights are low.

The right way we know,
And if all here below
Would choose it their's would be gain.
There'd be never a fear;
'Twould be harmony here
Instead of so much wicked reign.

The way that is right
Leads to mansions of light—
To the plains of endless day;
The way of sin
Leads on and in
Where satanical prisons hold sway.

MAID OF THE SEA.

Maid of the sea,
You're the maid for me.
Golden sand thy bare feet press,
As you wander along,
Singing gayly your song;
The sea winds thy curls caress.

Fair maid thou art,
With a tender heart.
Though simple thy summer gown.
Gazing upon the ocean crest,
Of all fair beauties thou art best,
Thou rival the belles of town.

Breathing salt sea air
By the ocean where
The sea birds wildly scream.
And along the rocks
Where the blue wave talks,
You wearily pause to dream.

Of castles galore
On some foreign shore,
Of sailors young and gay.
Maid of the sea,
Laughing with glee,
Down where the white waves play.

Where the soft sands quell
Thou gathers the shell
Of the shell-fish on the sea board.
Where the sea-weeds grow
Seagreen, down below,
The mermaid is adored.

The sea marks light
Oftimes shines bright,
Thou waits the return of some ship
Which seaward had gone
And seaworthy come,
Down where the fish nets dip.

Thou welcomes the breeze
Of the old salt seas,
Where thy seafaring people roam.
Maid of the sea,
Happy and free,
The sea side is thy home.

ABSENCE.

She stood by the open window
And gazed, far over the lea,
Over red fields of clover,
As she list to the buzz of the bee,
As it sipped the precious nectar;
Delicious drops they were.
She thought of her absent lover—
Perhaps he thought of her.

And looking away in the distance
She could see the locust grove
Rise on the hill 'cross the pastures,
Where girl and lover roved.
Even now it was fresh in her memory,
Though many days ago,
She had stooped to gather primroses,
Down where the daisies grow.

They had wandered down by the mill side,
Where violets kissed her feet,
And strolled through the gate at twilight,
And sat on the garden seat.
She had list to the village church bells,
On old New Hampshire hills,
Pledged vows so sacred doves dare tell
How the thought of absence chills.

Then, too, she had heard the bugle
Calling from far away:
“The soldier must fight for his country.
Who’ll brave the field today?”
I love you, dearest Madeline,
And I love but you alone.
I’ll hasten and fight for my country,
Then, for your sake, I’ll come home.

While stars and stripes were waving
On the Philippines far away,
A dying soldier raised his head
And briefly to his comrades did say:

“Tell mother I’ve read her Bible;
Tell Madeline not to weep;
Tell them I died a soldier brave,”
Then gasping he fell back asleep.

* * * * *

Bright embers in the fire-place
Flicker and die away,
As they listen for precious footsteps,
Alone at the close of day—
Footsteps that never turn homeward
To the old New Hampshire state;
To hearts made found by absence
And saddened by irony fate.

GOD'S HANDIWORKS.

O'er field and forest, glen and dale,
We see his works complete.
We view them in the grassy turf
That lies beneath our feet,
And in the great blue heaven above
As far as eye can see,
They speak the handiworks of God
And picture heaven to me.

We see them in the lovely flowers
Of various shades and hue,
We picture them among the stars
In the canopy of blue.
We see his hand upon the mast,
The ship glides safely in,
Saved from the fiercest winds that blow;
The handiwork of Him.

We admire the beauty in the stone,
Wrought by the sculptor's hand.
Although he chisled out the form,
'Twas God that laid the plan.
Some artists conjure pictures fair
Of landscapes and of flowers.
'Twas God that placed the subjects here
Into this world of ours.

I've heard it's great to write a book
And picture love scenes fair,
But still 'twas God that gave us love
And set the garden there.
So he controls the little creek
That turns the mill wheel round,
Upon the mighty water power
Depends the miller's pound.

The farmer sows his fields of grain
And cultivates the sod.
He then looks forward to sun and rain,
And these are a gift of God.

So it is that each living thing
That tramples on His sod
Must recognize in everything
The handiwork of God.

KANAWHA'S ICE PICTURES.

When Father Sun
His work begun,
On Kanawha's snow-clad hills,
The sunbeams flash—
Hark! The waters clash,
Making at playful rills.

And the ice would slide
Down the mountain side
When winter was roaming free
And in that state
The picture was great
As ever art scene could be.

'Twas a healthful clime,
And in winter time
From the ice-draped rocks and clift
The eagle would soar
And be envied more
When from his mansion of ice he'd shift.

He would take his flight
From that crystal height.
Quite free and proudly he'd view
The rocks and beams
And mid-winter scenes
Much better than I or you.

And from down below
Mid sunshine and snow
You could gaze with ease on the sight—
At the picture of lakes
In the long crystal flakes
That clung to the rocks so white.

And the white frozen beams
On the fir tree gleams
Where a snow bird was chirping away.
You could put into song
If the scenes would last long
Such scenes as you'd see every day.

WHEN IT SNOWS.

The air is cold and wet and chill;
There's a gloomy grey o'er plain and hill,
And the feathery white is circling the air
Across slippery streets and gardens fair.

Where, but one short month ago,
Bloomed gay chrysanthemums now under the snow.
Tall and graceful they gently swayed,
With the first winter winds their petals laid.

One by one on the frozen ground,
Like their lonely sisters for miles around,
With not even a bud to mourn for the flower,
For they were the last in the leafy bower.

The jack frost glistens on the window pane,
And the snow falls fast after sleet and rain
And covers o'er the icy sheet
Along the walks and down the street.

Where the man with the shovel is swinging away,
Whistling a tune so merry and gay,
As he shoves the snow to the curb in a mass
And tips his hat as the ladies pass.

Although his fingers are cold and numb
He feels it not, for his work is done.
The young folks are happy, and then besides
They are thinking and talking of long sleigh rides.

The children coast down the hill on their sleds,
Wrapped up snug in their turkey reds,
And the silvery bells ring out as they go
Out o'er the pure white crusted snow.

Out a long wide street, to the south of town,
The sleighmen are racing up and down,
And the sleigh bells are ringing: They're going fast,
Making good use of the time while it lasts.

The feathery clouds are soaring the sky;
The sun is out, yet the wind is high.
Yet we need not care when the north wind blows,
Wrapped in our furs in the sleigh when it snows.

In summer we welcome the robin's lays;
We to the snow-bird should lend some praise.
Content to pick crumbs from the ground below;
Like us, it is happiest when it snows.

When the days are short and the nights are cold,
We sit by the fire and play games of old;
In the brisk early morn when the cattle are fed
We hurry away to the old sugar shed.

And we wade the snow up to our knees
To the camp and hogsheads 'neath the trees
To see if the fire-logs are still aglow
And take up the sugar buckets out in the snow.

We empty our baskets with the greatest of ease,
And watch the squirrels in the chestnut trees
As they steal their nuts from the logs below
Out from their hollows under the snow.

And quickly back to the camp we run
And shoulder up the nearest gun,
And the good time we had only hunters can know.
Welcome, Old Winter! And plenty of snow.

GOODNESS.

Goodness, the breath of God,
Falls from heaven above
Sweet scented and holy;
A feature of God's love,
Deep in the hearts of mortals,
Beneath frowns brought by sorrow's look,
Under smiles the brightest.
Unchanged and unbounding depth
Is thine. Goodness, as pure and fresh
As the heathy mountain air,
Richer than Rome
And far more ancient than Athens.
Sacrifices made and deeds
Not left undone, which is holy.
It cannot be changed,
Nor its value be other than intrinsic.
The widow mourns not alone;
The tears of the orphan are less sorrowful.
Yea, goodness is everywhere.

WICKEDNESS.

Time and Eternity wag on,

Hearts break beneath their heavy loads,
Blessings are trampled under sinful feet

And curses are flung at God;
Things once fair are banished

And the beautiful crushed to earth,
Souls starved, and curses fed,

And orphans famine cursed.
Snares are laid as thickly as the dew drops

On the plant, the poisonous worms infest;
The young deceived and widows are distressed,
The lonely trench at night is dug
By the robber's hand,

Able bodied men fall beneath the
Axe of the villian's plan,

Babes from the breasts of mothers are torn,
Husband and wife are separated,

Parent and child estranged
Through wickedness premeditated.

Yet Time and Eternity wag on.

TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Today : At morn the air is cool and sweet.
It seems the wind has blown more gently o'er the
plant.

And whispers soft
Have kissed her dewey yet unfolded leaves,
And blusingly she waved the kisses off.
Today: All heaven and nature seem in goodly tune,
As yet at noon the sky seems clear of any lingering
doubt.

The radiant orb in the far off distant heaven,
Obedient to Him, a brighter light gives out;
No gloomy clouds obstruct so great a view.
Today: The world is all that could be hoped.
Opportunity is reaching out her golden hand to you.
You are neither bound like the galley slave nor roped
Within a dungeon dark where black lights hang o'er
you—

Black lights from windows of dire crime will keep
Men down when they have reason lost.

At will: They heeded not today! Nor cast their
line

To catch the better thoughts of men.

These paid the cost.

Today: Two paths before us lie in view.

One leads to joy and success.

But in distress

The other leads into Tomorrow's wilderness.

Well might we choose

Today's good knowing gain:

If we but wait, Tomorrow we might lose.

And count what's good in earth,

Most rude and comely, plain.

Today: A path leads past the lake of time,

Midst flowers of innocence and love,

And trees of knowledge in their flowering height,

Stirred in breezes, scenting perfume through

The heavenly courts above.

Because we would not what we could,

We throw the golden chance away;

A different story tell from what we should.

Because we lost, by heeding not, Today—

Waiting, Tomorrow's vast uncertainty; and why

Should we not make the best of all Today?

Nor wait

To let some faroff yet unseen decide our fate.

Today means quick to do and not delay.

Tomorrow hath a different meaning still.

The mouth of Time doth say

That now Today is here. We cannot doubt,

For time doth ne'er deceive.

And e'en Today there may be opportunities

As yet not gone.

But if we claim them not we may never

Find them more; Tomorrow's bright ascending

Sun may never dawn.

But still we wait and play with time—

It is a dangerous toy.

The best within us may be left undone,

Waiting Tomorrow's dream of joy.

Today: The heart is young. Who knows

What sorrow, born of woe, may sap the youth

Before Tomorrow's low descending sun

Leaving naught but shattered hopes

Of what we Today might have done.

Today: The harp of life is in its beautiful

Harmony; nor ere a discord can be heard:

Then play thou should.

Tomorrow's harp, though the music room may be
Filled and the players rise to do,

They each may find its silver cords unstrung.

Today : The ink-pot stands where long it's stood,

Ready to do service any time

To ink down thoughts that may at least prove good—

Within an hour the same may be forgot.

Tomorrow's "Ifs" may find its contents

All turned out.

Tomorrow's land lies far across the sea.

While a few may cross it safely,

many more

Its cool and shaded grasses ne'er will see.

And a few

May seek an office high in Tommorrow's unknown
Court, and the steps that it may take to reach it

May be lessons of Today

That were never learned.

Great grand thoughts that through vain folly

Have been spurned;

Seeking pleasure rather more, nor taking time

To pick up fragments of Today's great ore.
The best of deeds and words have left a trace;
But if Today we cover o'er the greater thoughts

Of other men

With neglect's dark, winding robe
Tomorrow we may find them carried far away
On the other side of memory's golden shore.
And likely we may never seek them more;
For, although the heart at times is strong
And memories path is high,
We glide along in ease. We know not why
That we should quit the path before
Today's great knowledge garden has been reached,

But mostly could we say

Because we saw vain pleasure lurking round
In the field of idleness and play,
And then we sought its brilliant company.

Of course

We count it meet to do as fashion does,
But still, e'en not so much, that we should

Our admission lose

Into the richest gardens of the mind.

Its best we choose,

The goodly time and claim the most

With which to learn

What we should likely need to satisfy coming ambition,

And not to feed

Our brightest golden hours with idleness.

Today's great book open before us lies,

Inviting us to do some deed or work and there

Record, upon its pages white, before the book is closed.

But passing night

Lies far between Today's and Tomorrow's

Unknown school.

Its best Today we reconsider all

And learn the golden rule.

Life holds many things both high and great

That dwell within Today's great house.

Its doors are open wide,

And golden invitations hang the walls,

Welcoming those both old and young—

Who e'er

May choose to enter there.

What a mortgage rare I read in court Today.

Green fields of knowledge and the streams of thought
Were let.

While the petty cares of earth held sway,
No certain time demanded certain terms;
So it became a vast uncertainty.

And just outside the gate a voice was heard,
Though loud,

Amidst the hum of rivalry died away,
And cautiously it said:

“Your knowledge, it is mortgaged: And remember
that you pay.”

Then upon a springtime night, across the fields of
thought,

They heard that self-same voice quoting
The same deep-meaning words,
And the heart it answered back:

Why, yet there's time.

Why give I all my pleasure up Today
To study thoughts and work at deeds
When my young heart so welcomes play?

So time, though growing grey, strolled on and on,
Until so far away

Its voice grew weak as well. And when it stopped

Upon the hill-top high
It said: "Your mortgage I must close ere dawns
the day.

But through the misty links of bygone days,
The heart it heard it not.

Idleness and ill-spent time are crowned,
Not with roses fresh, but withered leaves all brown.
And who shall recognize, even in Tomorrow's
Unknown land, which yet we have not seen—

A blank

With naught inscribed upon save marks of dust ?
Today's golden deeds we can not help ; we must !
For every golden deed there's a jeweled crown,
And for every well spent moment of Today

Are choicest flowers of due reward
That live forever and will not decay.

And shall we choose Today's good ? Or decline
And wait Tomorrow ? 'Tis a dangerous way.

In tears

We mourn Tomorrow what we've left undone To-
day.



The home of the author.

TO HOME.

One lasting, fond remembrance,
 Treasured since youth's bright hours,
Where I first lisped my mother's name
 And gathered the wood-land flowers,
Where honeysuckle and saivne
 Proudly graced the evergreen,
There oft my childish feet would go,
 Kissed by the violet's sheen.
The dearest spot in all the world,
 This golden memory mine,
Outlining every childhood scene,
 Round the old home 'neath the pine."

In every living creature
 Possessed of home-born breath
There liveth within the center of thought
 One memory until death.
It may be of sunny meadows,

Or of deserts, barren and drear—
Memories of creeks and grassy banks,
Or the cot in the wilderness—all are dear.
Where parental love held domain
Through countless ages past,
The ancient voice of “Home, Sweet Home,”
Re-echoing, will forever last.

SMILES AND HEARTACHES.

Some lives look brightest to the world
When the world to them looks dark;
And smiles serene play about the mouth
When beneath lies an aching heart.
And silvery laughter ripples oft
Through halls of woe and pain;
And colors more bright than a Grecian rose
After a loving rain
Adorns a form, so graceful and fair,
That smiles so sweet and true
From beneath a wealth of auburn hair,
But the heart is aching too.

Yet, where will is strong and the heart is proud,
The world will never know
That out from the pleasure loving crowd
One sad heart comes aglow;

Seeking refuge all unknown
In some far off hidden heart;
Longing for one it may never see,
Yet care seems to have no part.
But with the close of the golden day,
Alone with the trouble dark,
The saddest of all is the feeling then—
Alone with an aching heart.

Rivalry and pleasure all are done,
The smile has faded now;
There's no beautiful light in the azure eyes,
But care marks the pale sad brow
When but one short hour ago
No heart could more happy seem.
Playing with cupid and jesting so,
While smiles at sweet will beamed;
A proud heart roaming with free delight
In this great hard world of sin,
Like true love bound in a palace cold—
Freedom and liberty walled within.

But the heart, that was once like a happy bird,
Has long since grown cold,
While vain indifference claims the prize,
And is eagerly taking hold.
Love and Cupid, which are heaven's own,
Are becoming numb and chilled;
And fond affection's harp is unstrung—
Its music sweet is stilled.
Fate declares every heart is false
And trusts not any one;
And the cold piece of marble keeps step in the waltz,
And the music is nearly done.

A life once always happy,
Like a tender plant the heart,
But that was back in the old days
When tears made the eyelids smart:
A heart that would sting with pity
If a careless word was said,
And shrink from the cup of anger
When its deadly poison shed
Drops of grief so bitter
To a heart so true and young,
When shadows of woe the blackest
Lights from their dungeon flung.

O'er a heart so usefully noble,
So brilliant in its sphere,
And heartaches more than it could bear
Were added each passing year,
Until the heart, so tender and fond,
Had changed to marble white,
And in the eyes with lashes long
Had grown a paler light;
And the piece of marble ne'er would change,
But it grew whiter still,
And stately and proud above them all,
It laughed at the statues at its will.

For the world had changed to a desert drear,
The hearth of love was cold,
And every love-flower held a tear,
But the marble groweth old.

So it is with many lives
That smile through the mist of tears—
Fate has with its sharpened knife
Cut Cupid from the years,
Leaving stone statues in its place
All wreathed with artificial smiles,
And driving the love lights from the face
That returneth not with the little-whiles.

Though the world is wise it cannot guess;
In the game it cannot take part.
A form in jewels and a picture dress,
A smiling face and an aching heart;
Smiles so natural and well devised,
And a heart indifferent, too,
Determined to keep from the world at large
The story it never knew.
To wake with the world when the world wakes,
Or to do as the Romans do;
To make brightest smiles cover heartaches;
But the saddest—the heart is cold, too.

FATE.

A ship lay anchored on the edge of time,
Keeping her watch on the oar,
When then, as it seemed, from the safe side of life
Her ropes were cut from the shore.
I'll tie them again ere the sun sets at eve,
Then the cycle unheard it run.
It was only the edge of an idle thought
Prompted by "Just for fun!"
Just then a form passed on the beach of strife,
So wondrously quiet and calm
That only the ship knew the sounds that were heard,
The familiar sounds on the strand,
So stealthily it crept to the side of the ship
And bending low o'er her bow
It bade her launch out on the silvery waves;
There's no need of keeping watch now.
"I resist," moaned the ship,
"I am linked to the strand
By the golden friendship of hope."
"That counts for nothing now," said hard ruling
fate,
"Someone has severed your rope."

Then fate blew its breath on the snowy white sails,
And a sigh fell hard on the waves

When the ship, sorrowing, drifted out on the sea—
Out o'er the unfathomed caves.

When sunset fell on the silvery waves,
Leaving a plate of gold,

In vain did the cycle of thought return,
But friendship had gone from the fold.

It solemnly strayed along the shore
Alone, after dusk and late,

Yet never a trace of the ship could see,
But kept on the sand to wait.

The dew fell heavy and leep came o'er;
Then fate stole slowly past

And bade the waves, with their seething foam,
Wash the muddy sands from the shores of the past.

Out on the sea went the restless thought.
“Patience,” saith fate, “shalt find her

Lonely ship. Faith no discouragement knows,
And love,” quoth fate, “is blind.”

Ah, cruel fate, who so heartlessly cast the
Ship of hope from the strand,

Hath returned at last to the sorrowing heart,
And at eve lent a helping hand.

THE FLOWERS HAVE DIED.

The prettiest spot on the farm place,
In the nooks of the shaded glen,
Was the garden where grew the flowers—
'Twas the bright, golden summer then—
And the walks that circled between them
Were laid with pebbles white,
And up from the grassy surface
Came the daffodils so bright.
Across the pebbled walkway,
Through the hollyhocks so proud,
Could be seen the bachelor buttons
And the marigolds so loud,
And the zenias and sweet verbenias
Were nodding in colors rare,
And close by a damask rose bush
Was scenting the balmy air.
And to the air, sweet-scented,
Came a charm from the lilac purple
A perfumed lavender sweetness,
Stirring o'er a bed of blue myrtle.

And for the old garden in the glen
Many times my heart hath cried—
'Twas the dazzling summer beauty;
Now 'tis fall, and the flowers have died.

On the rocks by the creek I sit and wonder
As I gaze on unnumbered autumn leaves,
And think how, like us, they so welcomed youth
And dreaded the old winter breeze.

My heart sighs, too, for I loved them:
And when the flowers began to go
I wonder if their lovely sisters
Fretted and sorrowed so.

When the brightest gems of the garden
Began to pale and fade,
If over them the sweet-scented rose bush
A breath of perfume laid
To ease their falling petals
When the frost had brewed the field,
And to their last life moments
Was the hollyhocks their shield ?
Did the myrtle shed a tear drop
From out her long, green bed,
When the frost her sisters had bitten,
And she watched them droop their heads ?

And was the laughing sunflower
More quiet in that hour,
When death had entered the garden
And robbed it of its flower ?

The youth and the flower are so alike,
And the youth his laurel is twining,
His Spring-time is here; Oh! carefully
Do his friends help him weave without pining.
He has worked on his wreath, so ardently too,,
And yet it is only half done.

His youth-time is passing; perhaps it is you
Who should see that honor is won.
In the sunshine hours he hanged high his wreath,
Up in the apple boughs.

Mid the falling blossoms and red bird lays
He strengthened his success vows.
But when the evening of duty would come,
Shaded with lonely care,

He omitted the weaving of golden deeds.

But in the morning of knowledge he found it **there**,
Freshened with the dews of experience,
It glowed in ambitions sun.

But care had taken so much patience away,
Before it barely was begun.

My friend! Oh, my friend! If you but help me to-day

To know what it means to keep weaving.
Ambitions flowers may not wither before I am
through.

You answer: "I have no time," believing
That, though the summer winds are hot,

You have time yet to help me tomorrow.
Why, I have no patience to do or wait.

Delay: That bespeaks me of sorrow.
Then an old man eagerly raised the blind

And looked to the orchard of success, crying:
"Look, brother, you say you will help me now.
It's no use. The flowers are dying."

LOVE.

Love—of all great powers the first—

No soul without love's support can stand.

Since the creation of man it has stood,

First heavenly born, and proclaimed by Him good :
God's first and greatest gift to man.

What is the meaning of love? we say.

Should we ask the meaning of day and night? .

A natural meaning, to be sure,

Without it the world no blasts could endure ;
Everything beautiful would be marred with blight.

Affection's cord that binds two hearts

In an endless, fond embrace ;

Where devoted attachment and tenderness dwell

And endearing thoughts each bosom swell

When love's own being fills the space.

True love ne'er will change,
Though the seasons of life may in adversities roll,
Or life's sky may always be seemingly clear.
True love ever stays near the heart that is dear;
There is no charm away from that fold.

True love cares not to be absent from its own;
And many its pleasure ne'er will know.

Some deny its origin again and again—
Its meaning great they cannot explain—
'Tis because they've abused it so.

True love in the home, where 'tis much needed now,
Is the nation's saving call.

If every American home tonight
Was emblematic of love and right
They would not into sorrow and disgrace fall.

TO THE CITY.

At the farther end of the gravel pike
The city meets our gaze,
With its lurid buildings twelve stories high,
Trying to pierce their way to the sky,
Seeming the giants to defy.
Their magnificence the citizens learn to like
Through their weary office days.

And many the buildings of learning fine,
Of brick and stone, but few the frame,
Where education is being taught,
Ignorance and poverty are fought
And higher elements daily sought.
The country's hope and knowledge have fallen in
line

To keep the world from shame.

As we walk down the pavements white,
In the shade of the maple trees,
Beautiful dwellings we will pass
With high-stoned steps and well mowed grass
And sweet-scented shrubbery in a mass.
The pretty homes are a pleasant sight—
There are no prettier than these.

Down the avenues, out a way,
On many side streets, we learn
Fast approaches the old street car.
Down the streets where many neat cottages are,
Where dingy cabins their beauty mar,
Where the poor of the city spend their days,
Where pleasure and sorrow take their turns.

Sorrow and pleasure walk hand in hand,
Each claiming a victory.

The tales of grief and bitter woe
No outsider could possibly know;
Happening oft where pleasures flow—
And these help to make the city.

These are modern days of modern laws,
And modern buildings, too.
The court house stands on the public square
Extending its belfry into freedom's air,
Welcoming the law-abiding citizens there,
Who dutifully make the city's name fair,
Seeking to keep it from disgrace.

TO THE COUNTRY.

The country wide, with its plains and hills,
Is a palace of art in fact.
We stand on a hill, just out of town,
On nature's beauties we look adown.
Over the vast spreading county round,
Broad acres, level lands and rills,
Is in harmony compact.

And long we stand for our hearts doth yearn
For the raven beauty we see,
And as we gaze from the height supreme
Over the pastures fenced and green,
We see the cattle along the stream,
Grazing the banks where the old paths turn
Down upon the lea.

The blue canopy of heaven is all aglow
And the radiant orb sends its lucent rays
On old nature's art, so glad and free.
The grandest part of the world to me
Is the fields, the hills and the great deep sea.
No greater splendor will the world e'er know
Through the fleeting, passing days.

Then the old pine forest, stately and grand,
With the scent of the turpentine;
And the motly hills with their underbrush
Where the dogs howl and the wood-folks rush,
Where cataracts are coming down with a gush,
And glistening like the diamond sand
Where the hunter finds his sign.

Along the river banks the cowboy sits,
Herding the faithful kine.
Above the white rocks glisten and gleam,
Overlooking the old mill stream
That flows through the daisy fields so green.
And he watches the birds flit round the farm,
And hears the grunting of the swine.

The good folks pass through the huge post gate,
With its springs, where the flags grow thick;
And down through the lands fast runs the hare
Where cabins are dotted here and there,
Breathing the healthy mountain air.
From the beechwood the robin calls to his mate
Across the old straw rick.

Such grandeur only nature can give

And man cannot deface.

Although he can some trivial beauty lend,

It ne'er can compare with what nature can send.

If as well man could do he would his best to the end

Make better the old, old race.

For miles and miles around we see

Loom up before our eyes

The country, born of independence fame,

Where lived stout-hearted men with honored name

Who have played a good hand in freedom's game,

And set up the Statue of Liberty

That reaches toward the skies.

THE RAIN.

There's a hazy cloud in the heavens wide,
Across the blue domain,
Slowly rising, lurid and thick,
Prophecying coming rain.

Old Father Sun seeks a lurking place
To hide from the gloomy sight
And wait 'till the storm cloud does his work,
Then comes with sunbeams bright.

All nature seems revived by thy coming—
Every grass blade on hill and plain,
And the modest violets lift their heads
In joyful praise of the rain.

The rivers patiently wait thy return
From out thy clouded home;
And after thou moistened the farmer's crop,
Bright smiles on his honest face shone.

How many weary souls of the desert
Are waiting and praying for thee,
With dry, parched lips and sandal sore,
Waiting the rain clouds to see.

Yes, thou art welcome;
Thy traducers are very few;
They welcome thy coming on hill and plain—
The desert traveler and gardener, too.

MYSTERIES.

Oh hidden mysteries,
Unrivaled and many, to remain unknown,
Sleeping beneath black veils of crime,
Traveling by night and day
From out our own dear land
Into some fair distant clime
To spot some home.
Creeping like vipers
In the tall sage grass unseen ,
Take refuge beneath
Some rock on yonder hill.
Though the heart thou tainted
To do thee harm may not seek ;
Or the life sacrificed by the coward's hand
May not speak
To tell the world the horrors of death.
They met—one a living death,
While the other may be dead
So far as the temple of the soul
To make request, these cannot

Though they would. The lips are cold.
The other holds the secret in the breast—
The mystery will not unfold.
Yet they exist unnumbered everywhere—
Old ones upon the lists of sleuths
Are even ancient, so old they be.
New ones are springing up from time to time
And are as much a mystery as these.

THE IFS AND ITS.

If, like the eagle, the bird of prey
And the emblem of our nation,
Be strong in work as well as respect—
Sincerity before admiration.

The its are the ups and downs of life
And through each one we must live.
The ifs are the trying turns of strife
In the wheel of life God gives.

For many lives, we read today,
If back to child-hood traced,
We certainly would give a thought to the ifs and its
That sterling manhood faced.

For they have conquered and thus we say,
Like the silver clouds of day,
That come to us most glorious
After night and dark have passed away.

The its that the great men once endured
Were: "It may and it may not be!"
But the ifs were the trying turns in the will
Which said: "We will try—then see."

Not like the falcon with playful wits,
That soared o'er craig and fenny,
Who enjoyed sport while the ifs and its
Were running a race with many.

THE NOVELIST'S DREAM IN REALITY.

I have chosen a place to write my name
 On the page with those I love.
I hope that my calling is not in vain,
 For it speaks of the bright above.
I feel a touch of the almighty power
 Of the Great Creator, He,
Go through and through my loom of life,
 As I roam o'er land and sea.
I see the fitness of his art
 Painted in meadow flowers;
The boon to so many weary feet
 For so many golden hours.
I hear the wee sma' voice so sweet,
 Where the gentle zephyrs meek
Rustle the foilage of the tree
 And ripple the flow in the creek.
Then I can hear the heavenly saints
 At their golden harps picking away
As I go to rest with the golden stars
 And rise at the dawn of day.
The world may call it a fancy dream,
 But surely that dream is sweet.

There's a novelty in human life
If we study it complete;
There's newness in old nature's art
O'er every hill and vale;
There's a greater brightness in the stars
That shine on the old fence rail
That circles around the country place
Whence so many great lives have come,
Or cast their gleam across the spires
Of the Church in the city's throng.
There's many a line of golden thought
In this old, old world of ours
If we'd cast away the moody trail
To recline in nature's bowers.
Arise, vivid pictures, across the sea,
Perhaps eye shall never view;
Yet as true and sweet and as pure as love
Painted in colors new,
And print your stories of love and woe
With bright and sombre hue
On memory's page in the book of life,
Then finish each line in blue.
And let your song of love be sweet
And nature's own be truth;

Picture the subtile thread of age
And the gaiety of youth,
And give them the names that suit them best,
To distinguish each character apart,
And as they work give to them their due—
The gold or the icy heart.
The dark and light along are laid
With the various colors rare
To give in the end the brighter shade;
Then with love cover care.
And in our class we cannot find
One life on a single string
That runs straight color through and through—
'Twould be a supernatural thing.
We paint the pictures of the pen
In each our different way.
To carry out what we deem best,
Our Master passed this way;
He set the features in their place
And furnished us the globe.
Down the avenues of life
He laid a guiding rod
To mark the sombre spots of life.
Or in the beauty places lie
Until we pass examination at the
Court house in the sky.

THE LAND OF REST.

Surely there is a land of peacefulness
Where the weary earth may rest;
Freed from all sorrow and blast of woe,
Up in the realms of peace so blest.

Or else to the sinsick heart, and the sad,
This must be a desert drear,
With no higher power to comfort them
And lift them above their tears.

Must they all their live-long days
Feel the mill stone round their neck
Drawing them down from the ship of life,
Over its lowly deck?

To feel that no home awaits them
In a brighter, better land;
That no bright future world is theirs,
Bordering the bright golden sand.

No, they must look up and know
That there is a home of rest
Mid stars and pearly palaces,
Angels unnumbered, pure and blest.

And the gates by which they enter
Are made from the purest pearl—
Into the heavenly land of rest,
In a brighter, better world.

And in the land of rest
There's a city of jasper stone,
Where no flesh and blood may enter—
Defilement is unknown.

And in the midst a great white throne
With twelve foundations bright,
Built each one of a different gem—
'Tis surely a beautiful sight.

God, the Father; and His son, The King
Of the beautiful abode of rest,
Are sitting on the beautiful throne
With Mary, the mother blest.

And white robed angels, with starry crowns,
Are circling everywhere,
And the saints are picking their jeweled harps;
Sweet music fills the air.

And amidst all the beautiful sight,
In the heavenly land of rest,
With not one thought of trouble or pain,
Are His children, peaceful and blest.

The old world will be forgotten
And God will take care of His own.
He suffers His children to worry not,
In the courts of the great white throne.

For in His Word He hath said:
“There shall be no sorrow or tears
For troubled hearts.” Of our loved ones here below
He cares through the passing years.

So good is He, so nobly kind,
He His children will not let grieve.
And while they are praising His Name Divine,
He is helping their loved ones believe.

And from his teachings, most sacred and wise,
We learn of the home of the blest.
The most beautiful of earth, to it is but a desert drear.
Then why not choose the land of rest?

OLD GLORY.

The flag! The flag! The American flag!

That graces the land of the free.

She waves her colors in freedom's air

And stately, fearless, she sails the sea,
Waving high on the great war ship

Her colors so full of the nation's hope.

She does her duty for Uncle Sam—

Cheers his boys and strengthens the rope.

Dressed in their uniforms of blue,

To the navy they have gone.

Whene'er they dare to list to fear

The old flag guides them on.

"On to victory," she proudly says,

"The cream of the nation's glory,

And through the deeds of the soldiers brave

The foundation for her story."

Old Glory, so beautifully bright, has stood
The target for many a foe
And the cruel fangs of battle-powers
Have cut and laid her low.
But no true-soldier can watch her die,
And in tears we list to the story
Of youths, the fathers and older men
Who have died to save Old Glory.
The first flag that to us belonged,
Through patriotism hoary,
Was presented to Admiral John Paul Jones—
This famous, first Old Glory.
Thirteen stripes—and who should say
The number was illomen?
These may be days of every sign,
Not then to the sailors, soldiers and yoemen.
Not a prettier flag ever graced the sea,
Than the one we call Old Glory.
No nations flag upon the earth
Can repeat a prettier story.
And long may she in freedom wave
And protect our civil law
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave,
Our own and blest America.

THE VIOLINIST'S DAUGHTER.

At Aberdeen, in Scotland,
Just off the northern sea,
There lived the Scotch violinist
Near to the river Dee.
And Anne, his only daughter,
Heir to Castle Balmoral—
'Tis the sweetest story that I know,
Endeavor to tell it I shall.

The grey haired sire of sixty
And the mother of his Anne
Had dwelt long years at Aberdeen
In green Maccillian lane.
Salvor, as choice a cottage
As erl's'illie e'er could be,
Where she had lived these twenty years,
Near the river Dee.

And everything at Salvor
Spoke of harmony and love
And there was always music—
Notes that rivaled any dove.

Never was a day so darkened,
When the wet tree limbs hung low,
But what you could hear his feeble voice say:
“I’ll play the sweetest songs I know.”

All around was an air of contentment,
Hardly room for a groan or sigh,
Because there was always the sweetest strains
Wafting their way to the sky.
He seldom would scold, nor fretted,
Although time had stolen his bloom—
When the world came at him the roughest
He gave it back a sweet tune.

Oft they watched him as he sat by the fire-side
In the glow of the embers red,
And it seemed that his very voice and soul
With music was being fed.
The bow he’d acquaint with rosin,
Then with fiddle close to his chin
He would raise his eyes and draw his bow;
Came sweet sounds from the old violin.

Even though it would be a two-step or waltz,
A schottische or grand serenade,
His mind and his soul went into them,
His attention to nothing else paid.
Many a morn, when the birds were singing
And flitting the peach tree o'er,
While his good wife was clearing away her work,
He would sit and play near the door.

So the happy days and years rolled on
In Maccillian, at cottage Salvor—
Then an angel requested his presence good,
His talent and musical lore.
And the old violin that unceasingly played
Was hung by a cord on the wall.
It hung there for weeks in the picture room
Until dust had covered it all.

But more and more Anne began to miss
The sound of the old violin,
And she said: "Fond mother, I believe I must
Take pride and his lessons begin."
So it carefully down from the wall she took
And brushed off the coat of dust,
And bright new strings were added too.
To replace those worn by rust.

And day by day she his lessons learned—
Every line, each note and time,
Until the neighboring villagers round
Said Anne was playing fine.
But caring not for brag or boast,
Scotch Anne kept her head,
And every hour through the livelong day
Her heart was by music led.

Then one fair evening she was called to play

At a town on the river Don—

Pinned a bunch of violets wild at her waist,

Fair her neck like a graceful swan,

There Anne stood and lovely was she;

Then raised her violin.

Many heads bent far in the audience

Before she had barely begun,

And praises were lent, and many more,

Unnumbered, her calls to town

To play. And every one said: "She's the best

That circles the Grampion hills around."

And people off the cliffs of old Port Soy,

On down to fair Montrose,

Gave her great credit wherever she went.

Anne was ever the one they chose.

And her grey haired mother was proud of her—

Oft glistened the tear in her eye

When Anne played many the sweet old tunes

She had heard in the years gone by.

And every day at cottage Salvor,

Off the coast they call Northwest,

The music came with the gleam of the sun

And sank with it in the west.

SUMMER.

What rivals the bright golden summer,
With its sweet-scented garlands so gay,
Its roses of June, shedding fragrant perfume,
And its beautiful flowers of May.

It is then that the sun on the stream
Shines brighter than ever before
And the silvery oars catch the gleam
In the boat down along the shore.

In the cool of some moonlight eve,
After the heat of the day,
We join the crowd down at the wharf—
A boat party off for the bay.

Then too, it is strawberry time,
The baskets are full to the brim,
The trees in the orchard are flowery white
On every twig and limb.

The birds have returned from the south
And the cherry trees welcome their lays;
With the delicious red fruit in their mouths
They sing of the summer days.

We hear them chirp and see them flit
From the apple trees to them all.
And we scent the cabbage roses sweet
And gather the white snow-ball.

On afternoons sulky and warm
We bask in the locust shade—
No pillow but our weary arm,
In the grassy bed we've made.

Though hot is the summer's breath,
'Tis the season of sun and flowers.
Somehow we long for the summer days
And welcome the glad sunny hours.

WINTER.

There's not one spray or bit of green,
Or even a leaf of brown
On a single one of the orchard trees
Since winter has made his round.

And among the fir trees, tall and green,
The wind plays a mournful tune
That makes the old fireplace seem good
And its companions long for June.

Yes, Winter, we hear the snow birds sing
As they dance and flutter around.
They gayly sing as they quickly pick
Up the crumbs off the frozen ground.

The north winds blow and the snow clouds
Have opened their windows again
And let out their feathery substance white,
After pelting sleet and drizzling rain.

And from the eaves of the house tops
And the barn with its many beams,
In fancy-jeweled water-sticks
The crystalized icicles gleam.

There's a coat of snow on the roof
And upon the old straw shed
Where the old cows rest so comfortably
After they have been milked and fed.

The trees are a winter's picture of art,
So heavily jeweled they sway,
And touch the derby and opera shawl
As the art lovers pass in the sleigh.

Up in the cotton wood along the creek,
Sings the jay-bird and his mate,
And down underneath, on the ice below,
Merry crowds gather to skate.

Yes, Winter is here and its glories,
Its sports, are healthful and fine—
We must have just enough of winter
That we may appreciate the summer time.

HALLOWE'EN.

Earth has donned her coat of brown
And the clouds are hanging low.
The chilly breezes are soaring high;
Welcome the fire's warm glow.
The pumpkins are carried in from the shed
By the crib, where the yellow corn
Has been hauled in from the fodder shocks
On the other side of the farm.

Those busy black fingers with pumpkin seeds
Are surely a terrible sight,
But now they are ready for the eyes and sticks
And the glow of the candle light
To illuminate the family place,
Where the young folks gather round
From over the hills and valleys
And out of the quaint old town.

To indulge in the many good old tricks,
Just a bit of healthful fun;
There'll be cider a plenty and brown mince pie
Ere the evening is fairly begun.

Over the house, mid the autumn leaves,
 Hang golden ears of corn,
Hanging adown from the rusky blades
 The occasion to adorn.

Fall roses and chrysanthemums are gaily peeping
 around;
Out in the barn the darkies are dancing
 The old hoe-down.
While the banjo the black man am pickin'
 The darky am steppin' high—
There's no use of kickin',
 The goblin man's close by.

And every one seems happy,
 E'en the elves, in the faces false,
And the mammy and picaninnies
 Are trying their best to waltz;
The young folks are dancing gayly
 Over the oiled floor,
Keeping step to the lively music,
 On Hallowe'en, as of yore.

L OF C.

SPRING.

The messenger of Spring
Has begged us long to recognize
His gentle voice, and into winter
He has crept, to our surprise.
He sent his breezes forth to sing and play
Midst the fir trees tall,
And caused the robin red-breast
To sweetly sing his lay.

But Winter claimed the right to rule,
And said that from the ground
No flower could raise its head,
Its joys should not abound.
But now the Spring
Has worn the Winter out,
And every violet laughs and nods,
And Johnnies jump about.

And every blue-bird on the bush
Is twittering merrily,
And tiny grass blades are shooting
O'er hill-side, glen and lea,

Every tree is beginning to wear her green,
Crowned the bushes with tender leaves,
And the rain barrels are bubbling o'er
With the spring-time rain at the eaves.

The earth has wakened from her winter's sleep,
And is shedding her garments old.
The newness of Spring is the richest of art,
Her garments more bright than gold.
Happiness reaches its fullest height;
'Tis the pre-jubilee of the year.
Every glad heart can in youth-time live;
There's no need of sigh or tear.

Spring-time of earth, thou art glorious!
Happy, bright, light, glad and free,
Spreading vast plains in verdure so green
And clothing the naked tree.
Sending soft rain and bright sunshine,
Just enough to paint the flowers,
Wreathing all earth in brilliant array
From the river to the woodland bowers.

THE LOCUST GROVE.

On a verdure covered hill

Resting beneath the heaven's blue,
Where many white field daisies
Oft are sprinkled by the dew,
Cluster the wild, perfumed locust
In a graceful little grove,
Where lovers many oftimes pause,
Who chance in the moonlight to rove.

A charm hath the golden stars,
The silver rays of the moon hath one,
And 'tis a charm to rest in the locust shade,
After long hath set the sun,
'Neath the little bunch of green
With their fragrant long boquets.
Blest the sweet charm and memory glad
Of the long spent bygone days.

It seems the richest scent
Of a thousand flowers are there.
The air is cool and high,
The hearts are young and fair.

A blue bird sounds his notes
From the topmost twig above;
Fast approaches the stilly night,
Yet he sings his lays of love.

Listening? Yes, the world is listening,
Quoth both hearts, two in one.
Happy? Yes, the world is happy,
Since fair Cupid's game begun.
E'en though it may be the garden.

Where the peach tree blooms are free,
It would not; no, it could not
Compare with the locust tree.

In the light of the silver moon,
The flowers appear more white;
Talking of coming futures
Make the gold stars seem more bright.
Love's fond dreams the hearts repeat,
Midst the perfumed zephyrs there;
The lays of the blue birds sound more sweet
And spring-time seems more fair.



Leona.

MY LEONA.

The ideal form of a friendship,
And the ideal form of a lass
I recognized in one, one day
When to duty I happened to pass.
Her eyes were of the azure,
As riven white snow her heart.
I saw so much good, and I loved her so,
It gave me pain to part.
Her lips were like the hawthorne buds
That ope in the month of May,
And her cheeks like the American beauty—
My sweet, fair Le-o-na.
Her courage was often tested,
Tempted and tried her heart,
Her will was the irony will of right;
Wrong and shame ne'er had a part.
She was happy, light-hearted and always gay,
Or neat, meek, lowly and prim.

She chose the beautiful, lucent path,
 Ne'er would take the one that was dim.
She was fair as a lily and chaste as snow,
 Never changing for one single day;
Never, no, never was there such a one as
 My sweet, fair Le-o-na.

Be it how we met—in the dusty street,
 Or in yards where the lilacs bloom—
Golden friendship vows we made that day
 We have kept through many a moon.
A true American ideal girl—
 Unselfish, born with freedom's love,
Ready to take the eagles flight,
 And from lurid things rise above.
Not simply friends are we, but staunch—
 By each other we've stood many a day;
We a friendship made that never will fade—
 My sweet, fair Le-o-na.

THE PRAIRIE QUEEN.

(To Rose Ronson, of Arkansas.)

It was in the joyous summer,
Scented by the rose of June,
Where the fire-flies dance upon the hill
To the lilt of the cricket's tune,
That Mary, Queen of the Prairie Land,
Gracefully descended the rocks below,
The eyrie of the beautiful eagle,
To the vale where the sweet briers grow.

On down to a little cottage,
The type of a ranchman's home
She wandered through the sunshine,
Or by moonlight, grey and lone.
On the back of her faithful pony,
With rifle at her side,
She feared neither beast nor Indian,
Through the western valleys wide.

Her face was young and winsome,
Her form of graceful build;
Her manners were entrancing,
Though she did whate'er she willed.
Proud-hearted Queen of the Sageland,
Much dignity is thine—
In thy presence the birds sing sweeter;
More stately is the pine.

One short and peaceful summer
All nature seemed in tune—
The song birds held communion;
More luminous shone the moon;
The wild flowers seemed thrice honored
To kiss her girlish feet;
The western lads were captured
At the voice of Mary sweet.

One grand day came a silence
That held each heart at bay;
In reverence stood kith and kin—
Queen Mary went away.
The ivy blossoms hung their heads;
The birds sang mournfully;
The masive rocks looked bare and bleak,
Once crowned with mirth and glee.

In a beautiful western valley,
Scented by shrine and flower,
Where sadness holds possession.
Wildly moans the tree and bower,
Once graced by a queen-like presence
And thrilled by a voice, since still,
There's a saddened cot upon the ranch
And a grave upon the hill.

WHERE THE SWEET MAGNOLIAS BLOOM.

Down Honey Creek, at Rocky Ford,
Near to the mountain's side,
Where there's plenty of game, and likewise bear,
Yet evil hath ne'er betide,
I have lived my spring-time's early youth
And have come to manhood's bloom—
Right down here on Honey Creek
Where the sweet magnolias bloom.

And all along its rocky bed
For hours and hours I've played,
Or in the school house on the hill
At learning my lessons I stayed.
It seems 'twas a chosen place for me,
But I expect to leave it soon,
Where the gorgeous sun sends its lucent rays
On the sweet magnolia bloom.

It seems that my heart isn't satisfied
To leave, but I must go.
They claim prosperity's not for Honey Creek
And say it is too slow,

And say it is years behind the times,
But sometimes I doubt it's so.
I believe it is more to get out in the world,
Away from where the sweet magnolias grow.

They say the western cities are great,
That they're rising above the times;
That a man can save more dollars there
Than on Honey Creek they can dimes.
Sometimes I wonder if that is true,
But soon I intend to know.
But the worst is leaving old Honey Creek,
Where the sweet magnolias grow.

* * * * *

Yes, I've been ten long years in the West,
In Colorado state,
Away from the hills of old Vermont—
For a fortune I've tried to wait.
But the people are living very high,
Unreasonably fast, I know;
'Twould be fresher, the bloom upon my cheek,
Were I down where magnolias grow.

Many the coins that go into my purse,
And many go out again,
For there's soul tempting places on every side,
Though I'm trying to save all I can.
And if I save up a dollar or two
And refuse to let that go
They say I'm stingy. I believe I had better be
Down where sweet magnolias grow.

And in the last paper I had from home
I find dad's bought a farm,
And Dave Louis has a two story house;
So has dad, and a big stock barn;
And that he has saved a hundred or so.
And the young folks have a church on Honey
Creek
That sits right down in the valley,
Where are the many magnolias sweet.

While I am here in this state of the West
I might as well say: "I'll spend,
Or else my comrades will call me cheap."
Insulting remarks they will send,

And the fool will listen and waste all he earns.
But one thing is certain, I know.
While they're saving the dimes on Honey Creek
Out here they let the dollars go.

I'm going back to Honey Creek,
And take a few cents with me, too,
Since I've seen what fools we mortals be—
Seek a Vermont lass—that I'll do.
And through all these years I've been away,
Through sunshine seasons or snow,
I have scented the flowers in mother's yard,
Where the sweet magnolias grow.

A STAR FOR ANOTHER WORLD.

“Here’s your ticket, Juliet,
I’ll care for your book and purse.
We have no time to dine before we rehearse.
Besides we have only an hour
To reach the play house gate.
Only an hour till then, and our car is late.”

“The time is scarce, Juliet, we have no time to jest,
For the manager says tonight we must
Make every thing the best.”

“I know, the lines are hard, Romeo,
But I’ve always played them well.
I feel so fatigued, if I’d only a glass
Of wine,” the words from the sweet lips fell.

She gave a wistful glance
Toward the drug store door.

“Romeo, could we but a moment stop?
My throat is parched and sore.”

“No, Juliet, we have not time to throw away,
To-night we play the leading role;
Tomorrow draw our pay.”

“Ah, then I should not have asked.
True, the time is precious sure.
And its my first time to be a star,
Ambition must endure.”

“Ah, Juliet, when the play is done,
And I am sure it will be the season’s best
Because you are to be the leading one,
I shall drink at your request.

“You look so pale, dear Juliet,
So beautifully white.

Is it because you’re to be the star,
Or are you not feeling right?”

“When I have played the role to-night
My highest ambition will be reached.
But then I’ve been thinking greater thoughts.
Listen, Romeo, I beseech.

“Last night I dreamed of a great gold star
Studded with diamonds bright.
And it grew on the end of a lily stem
And touched the clouds so white.
Then it came out so plain to view
And was gloriously bright.
Then a lily fair appeared in its place,
And the gold star faded from sight.

The lily bent down from the etherial sky,
So gracefully and sweet,
And opened up its petaled cups;
Dropped manna at my feet.
To-day I've had many thoughts of heaven
And the lily, bright and fair.
It seemed growing in sacred gardens of love,
And God had set it there.

“Such a picture I saw no artist could paint,
Or e'er devise one of its kind.
It dealt with the things of another world;
No master could paint one so fine.
I thought of mother and perhaps she
Was inhaling the fragrance so sweet,
As she at the feet of Jesus lay,
Kissing nail-prints divine in his feet.

“Yes, I'll play the leading role to-night;
Tomorrow I'm going away.”

“Going to leave stage-land, Juliet?
Well, you'll come back some day.”

“No, Romeo, I shall never return.

I'll sail back to Europe to stay.

My ambition to rise to the star to-night
Will be o'er when I've done with the play.”

“Oh, how can you go?” he cried.

“You have climbed the ladder’s height.
To my false heart comes your teachings,
Glowing in their sacred light.”

“Oh, Romeo, I’m sure I must
Quit the stage to-night.
I’d rather the eagle to be free;
I can not think its right.

“I feel there’s a better sphere in life,
And everything looks bright.”

“But, Juliet, I’m sure you will miss
The gleam of the bright foot-lights.”

“You can not understand my heart.
The world seems changed to me.
There’s a greater beauty in the flower;
More blue in the sky and sea.

“It seems I’ve been going straight ahead
To meet some unknown gain.
But some sweet-noted music
Has turned me back again.”

“You have always loved our circles,
The lunch and the midnight wine.”

“Romeo, you can not tempt me back
With pomp and pleasure thine.

“All these are fast fading away
As I think of old Europe to-night;
And my sacred mother, so good and kind,
As she kissed me a last good night.
Then I can hear my father’s voice
Calling at the break of day,
‘Arise, good children, the sun is up:
Make haste with your jugs away.’

“Then off we would trip to the silvery spring,
Thinking the thoughts of life.
But to-day we are each one scattered about,
And I’m on the stage to-night.
I fancy I see my father old,
With eyes so grey and dim,
Sitting alone by our silent hearth
With no one to comfort him.

“Yes, Romeo, I’ll quit the stage to-night.”
And she gracefully stepped within.

“Tomorrow I’ll cross the waters bright;
Then I shall be with him.”

He led her to her dressing room door
And as she stepped inside
The band began to play an air—
The hour had just arrived.

The orchestra played long and sweet,
Then the curtain gently raised
And upon a Roman garden place
The pleasure lovers gazed.
Then Romeo came out so grand
And walked along the moat—
It seemed “Tomorrow” choked the words
That rose in his swelling throat.

The crowd looked long for Juliet,
Till their wistful eyes grew dim,
And Romeo grew pale and white
As the stageman beckoned him.
And then as Romeo left the scene
With head bowed in reply,
There arose from his heaving bosom
A frantic, long-drawn sigh.

The audience stood amazed, in doubt,
They could not understand.
While the sweetest strains of a sentiment
Was played by the waiting band.
The music filled the play house grand
Each strain rang clear and sweet;
The audience moved with uneasiness
As the stageman rose from his seat.

For a moment he stood grave and paled
Before the weary crowd;
He raised his hand to supplicate
And said in a voice aloud:
“To-night we have lost the greatest star
That ever played a role.
She has become a star in a better land,
Where sin can not taint the soul.

Her life has been one noon-day song,
But earth can not control.
I never knew of a single wrong—
Her's was a spotless soul.
But in this life there are many things
That are foretold by Him—
Perhaps unknown to any of us
She was nearing a shadowed sin.

But God had given that life so sweet,
So pure and free;
And again He has taken back His own,
Across the Jordan sea.”

The audience awe-stricken sat,
Then rose up, one by one,
And in disappointment left the house—
The short, sad play was done.

MEDITATION.

LEFT ALONE BY THE SEA.

Father Sun was slowly sinking, passing on
In the far-off, ruby west, as twilight dawned.
As she sat by the open window in distress,
Watching waves that dashed upon the rock-bound
crest,

And in the waves that broke mysterious lessons roll:
Pale death; enshrouded forms, beneath their scroll;
Visions white, and friends to others beckoning;
And war ships great who lost their reckoning.
Yet on every sea; to every shore-touched nation,
Is told sad things in meditation.

“Yet, he is gone.”

“And hark! How the ocean roars!”

The old home, in the old thyme creeper's shade—
Sad thoughts must come; 'twas them she bade:
“Oh, mother, you at the spinning wheel doth sit,
Old as you are, and all day long; your work not
ended yet!”

“To help along a widowed daughter, where the sea
birds lurk,

I am trying so to help you with this tasky fancy
work,

But it eats the time in selling and I dare not leave
the sea.

“Yet waiting?” “Yes, for a message I may never
see.”

“Yet it does not come.”

“And hark! How the ocean roars!”

Thoughts on wings glide onward;

Lovers astray on the sea turn homeward:

Or sorrowfully hie away. To the vines must I,

Bearing thoughts of thy guilty heart, to die:

Or wait the return of some landward ship,

Where the sea dogs howl and the fish nets dip.

Time's tales are always true—of joy or bitter woe.

I'll wait, but heartless visions haunt me so,

Like arrows playing with hearts with ruthless glee,

Coursing through love's air and a stray one strik-
ing me.

“Yet he does not come.”

“And hark! How the ocean roars!”

I have waited so long that the sea-gull's scream
Has turned my heart awild. The bright day-beam
Seems dark to thine only child. And yet
I would fain throw myself where the waves doth
wet.

But for you and a heartless soul
Whose heartless deeds would make wrath's thun-
der's roll.

Nor should I suffer torment all my days
For folly's deed, or e'er seek worldly ways;
For if I did my soul to hell would fly—
In trust I wait: I can not that way die.

“Waiting in vain.”

“And hark! How the ocean roars!”

ON THE MOONSHINER'S MOUNTAIN.

A FALLEN STAR.

From a starry land,
Where the heavens expand,
A star went wild one night.
It fluttered and danced in the firmament there,
Beloved as it was, breathing heavenly air.
But it left the cloudy mansions white,
And rudely, wildly, down from the sky
At last fell to earth with a sigh.

(Song of the Night-hawk.)

Near the old cliff rock,
On the mountain top,
Where the birch and the wintergreen
And many a rock blocks up the way
To the cave where the moonshiner's still holds sway,
Where drooping down from o'er the cliff
The poison berries sheen.

(The Fox.)

There's two that wandered that weird, strange path just now,
And only by the birds are seen on the brow.

(The Night-hawk continues his song.)

The way that leads there
Would give me a scare

Were I not falcon winged.
For to have to read from an old tree bark
Signs, tokens and the moonshiner's mark,
Or count rough rocks and uprooted trees
And through bushes like needle-eyes have to squeeze
(*The Fox.*)

Of course I rush the bushes through,
For I have no wings to fly like you;
Yet I know where all the wood-folks live.
My kinsmen meet fate where the greyhounds call,
But never from high, airy spheres have to fall.
The craig and the cliff is your best lot,
To hide away from the marksman's shot.
(*The Hawk, still singing.*)

I now must hie away to the rock
And listen to the lovers talk.
They would stroll the cliff I heard them say.
I wonder how many gallon they've barrelled to-day.
(*The Fox.*)

It's mostly dangerous to hang around
Trying to catch some foreign sound.
They have no use for I or you.
(*The Hawk, saucily.*)

"I say I will listen," and off he flew.
(*The lovers on the cliff.*)

Guerilda. Yes, Irvinhugh,
From the sky so blue,
A little bright star I saw,

Like a typhoon come hurriedly down
And close to this cliff hit the ground—
The heavens were in awe.

I noticed so many starlets bright
That seemed so full of effulgent light,
As compact and loving as nature's law.

I wonder why it did not stay there
Instead of seeking this world of care.

Irvinhugh. Ah, Guerilda, that brings back to me—

(He sighs.)

Guerilda. Perhaps a longing for some absent one.

Irvinhugh. Only a boyish memory.

*(Irvinhugh leans back against the rock and Guerilda continues
the story of the star.)*

Guerilda. And will you tell

Why that beautiful star in agony fell.

For it twiched and twirled

Like a leaf in a storm,

While the other stars wept

And from their eyes the searchlights crept—

Descending, it seemed of glory shorn.

As it downward fell

The winds rang out its funeral knell.

Ah, still you gaze, and 'twill soon be coming morn.

Irvinhugh (arousing). Another day of fraud and marking
Salt for sugar; buying deceit with a few
Dollars of government rights.

(*The story akin to the star.*)

Irvinhugh. And would you believe, I wonder—I sigh,
That I, like that star, once was high;
With home and well wishing friends was crowned.
But one day I gazed in the book called below,
And the fume of adventure haunted me so—
To my unexperienced ears came a sweet, wild sound.
My home and parents bade me stay—
In five years a thousand at my feet would lay,
But the five was too long in making the round.

Guerilda. But why do you say like the star you fell?
Just what you mean I cannot tell.

Irvinhugh....Is it not a lower sphere
Associating with outlaws, ragged and queer
In the moonlight I tell you a story dark.
To make trusted friends at your own will,
With men who will rob and cheat and kill,
And make signs to hunt them by the bark.

Guerilda. But, Irvinhugh, you own the stil.
Those things you do not, nor will.
I never have seen you with those men.
Tell me then, Irvinhugh,
How can this be true.

Irvinhugh. Barreling gallons, I say,
Cheating the government day by day;
And one thing I fear I should not tell you—
The one thing from which I dare not turn,
The oath of the moonshiner, staunch and firm.

Guerilda. And why is an oath so binding here
Where none but wood-folks could hear?

Irvinhugh. What was the oath you took ere school begun?

Guerilda. Not to tell where I was from.

Irvinhugh. When off to the city grand you went
You dared not breath the wood and mint except in memory.
You studied hard from morn till night
Trying to learn what education was like and solve its mystery;
And I know—and that quite well—
Of your home in the cave you did not tell.
'Twas a secret kept and why?

Guerilda. I was afraid if I had
It would mean no more whisky for Dad.
Moonshining is against the law.
For Dad always worked from morn till night;
It seemed to me an honest living and right.
Nothing very wrong I ever saw.
I've seen some fellows get a scare
And take to their heels more fast than the hare—
I guess all the trouble was about the law.

Irvinhugh. Suppose a dozen men like Dad
The half not good and the other half bad,
Were to take up the moonshiner's side of life
And make a man take a moonshiner's oath
As binding as heaven or hell, they quoth,
To protect each other from man or spy
By shooting, or hanging to pine trees high—
Deeds that make these great forests sigh.

What then could you see that you should like?

Guerilda. I like these motley hills and pines
Where the red fox wildly whines.

Irvinhugh. 'Tis not of nature I'm trying to tell,
For heaven knows I love that well,
But man's definition on earth of hell.
To know you've an oath that binds you to
Obligations that chill you through
Mans own heart doth quell.
When muscles jump as the birds fly by,
Always thinking of a government spy,
And know he will find no friend in you;
That your gun stands loaded with shot and shell
To take some life, you can not tell,
It's a rather serious thing to view.
Not simply trying to protect your own,
But keeping a place for an outlaws home,
To be haunted by spirits the whole night through.

Guerilda. No blood has stained your hand,
You have never slain man,
And no one have you ever wounded.
You shall never account for any dead,
Yet I realize truth in what you've said,
The outlaws tracks are sounded.
I never knew what their oath was like,
Now I know it is more black than night—
These rules that they have founded.

Among those tree tops I hear a voice so still
Saying: "Dad and you shalt never kill."
Oh list to that song so sweet.

(The song of the Blue-bird.)

The blue sky is widening,
The high clouds are whitening,
There's blue-bells far under the turf,
The South winds are mellowing,
The Spring sun is yellowing;
How glorious will soon be the earth.

Irvinhugh. I wish I could be like that bird of wings,
Innocent, never thinking of vile things,
Trying to make this life worth living.

Irvinhugh (sighing). Yes, we are each compelled to play our
card,

And those who do them call us pard;
We all belong to the very same band.
True, Guerilda, no man's blood is upon me,
But when the others do that deed you see
The band draws the cloak o'er the mystery.

Guerilda You never said about who had,
If someone else, or even Dad
Had ever stooped to kill.

*(Guerilda, half pouting and half crying, sits quietly listening
to every word.)*

Irvinhugh. That's part of my oath I cannot tell;
Those secrets ne'er from lips have fell;
I cannot break my oath.

(*A moment's silence.*)

Guerilda. Your words seem very strange tonight;
I know your heart is honest and right;
You're making a noble effort to be
The daring, brave man that you are today
Without giving the moonshiner's oath away.
No more question of that will be asked by me.

Irvinhugh. Though I've lived here alone,
In the dense of these forests made my home,
I have tried to remember the word called "truth."
I know that you were anxious then,
But realizing, did not wish to injure them;
You are a sensible little youth.

Guerilda. Irvinhugh, my knowledge
And schooling is due to you.
Were it not for that I would not understand.

Irvinhugh. I am glad indeed I gained your father's vain
consent;
I am proud to think you went;
It helps you to understand what I cannot explain.
These lone woods have always been your home;
Anything strange connected with them you have never known;
Your education will make so many things more plain.
But, *Guerilda*, you dare not breathe one word
Of the solemn oath you have heard.
It would mean that ne'er again
Would I roam these glens and dales
That speak of madmen's tales
And show of nature's reign.

Guerilda. Here's my word, Irvinhugh,
I shall ne'er repeat one word spoken by you;
I shall do naught to harm any one.
Somehow I wish I could lift up wings and fly
Like that night-hawk there just flying by
Ere the day is well begun.

Irvinhugh. Do you then wish to leave these woods,
Wild glens and piney hills
Where a thousand kinds of wild flowers bloom
Along rough banked streams and rills;
Where various kinds of birds make nests
In the trees that grace these rocks;
Where the tread of the antelope is heard
Far away on the mountain top;
Where grape vines cling to the tall tree limbs
Adown from their airy height
Over the caves and fallen rock
Where the eagles repose at night?
How pure this heathy mountain air
Where fresh flowers bloom all day
Where a thousand birds of beautiful wing
Ever sing their sweetest lay.

Guerilda. With all my heart I love these scenes.
Look! The moon shines on the rock;
How glistening white are the cotton-wood's bloom—
A beautiful place we have to talk.
How those limbs reach out far over head
And gracefully shade this cliff.

One by one leaves flutter and fall
When the wind gives a gentle whiff.
I hear the wood-folk rush wildly through
The dense, dark underbrush,
Breaking the golden silence.
In the starlight and the hush
I hear so many sounds I love;
I gaze on so many scenes,
Scented with honeysuckle and pine
And childhood's happy dreams.
Yes, I wish I might fly away
Where there is no moonsiner's oath.

Irvinhugh. If you can wish it for yourself
Why not wish once for both?

Guerilda. But you've made so much good fortune here;
You are one in the monshiner's band.

Irvinhugh. I would gladly give up all that's left
For the sake of being a man.

(Guerilda stood erect on the huge white rock and as she gracefully reached forth her hand to pluck one of the cotton-wood blooms said, sadly but sweetly.)

Guerilda. My father I am so sorry to leave you;
In my heart I'll say good-bye—
We are going to civilization now,
Irvinhugh and I.

Irvinhugh. I wonder who will care for the old still then,
When you and I are gone?

(Guerilda hesitates and a night owl mournfully answers.)

Who, who, who; who, who-o-o-o.

Guerilda. Dad and the rest of the monshiners,
Nick and old man Tom.

Irvinhugh. Did you hear what the night owl
Sadly said? 'Tis the first he's spoken tonight

Guerilda. He's been listening to every word we said
Behind some tree limb out of sight.

(They both laugh.)

Irvinhugh. Not long will Dad stay in these woods
When his choicest flower is gone.
You are the pride of his blasted life;
He will not stay here long.

Guerilda. Just then from this cliff a night-hawk took its
Flight and flew away.

Irvinhugh. Like it we will go this very night;
In some other land we'll welcome day.
Slowly and gently down from the rock,
In the gleam of the moonlight grey,
Through limbs and bushes and upturned stones
Two lovers wend their way.
Through the hush and silence of the old bleak woods,
Yet young the morning sound,
But over familiar moss-grown rocks
Their youthful steps resound.
When the morning sun kissed the mountain top
Naught but the wood-folks could be heard,

And the cotton-wood gently waved o'er the cliff
To the sweet notes of the bird.

(The Night-hawk.)

Whither away, whither away,
Guerilda and Irvinhugh,
No more will we hear your gentle tread
Who out of these woods was by reason led;
No more at the eve of the golden day
Will I pose and listen to you.

(The Fox.)

Those were the best friends we ever had.
Moonshiners generally are bad.
They get out with their shells and gun
And chase us foxes just for fun.
Get even with the rest we will,
From the spirits of grain in at the still,
They will have no need of fighting o'er what is left;
They can give me credit for the theft.

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